

THE DAILY JOURNAL.

O. CLEMENS, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 16, 1853

TERMS OF THE DAILY JOURNAL.

In Advance, \$3 for six months.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING

IN THE DAILY JOURNAL.

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"CHEAPER THAN THE CHEAPEST,"

"BETTER THAN THE BEST."

Is our Rule for Book and Job Printing.

FOR CONGRESS—3d District,

J. J. LINDLEY.

Benton, Lamb and Phelps.

In a recent letter over his proper signature, published in the St. Louis Democrat, Col. Benton gives some of the private attending circumstances connected with the famous Phelps and Lamb letter. He says he had no intimation of the letter until he received it; that Mr. Lamb spent sometime at his house in conversation with him the day previously; that he invited him and Mr. Phelps to come to his house for the purpose of consultation on Missouri appointments; that Mr. Lamb came at the time appointed, but without Mr. Phelps. The latter he said was sick and wished to be excused. Mr. Lamb requested the postponement of the interview. Col. Benton assented, and invited Messrs. Lamb and Phelps to dinner next day, intending to have plenty of time for their consultation. Mr. Lamb accepted the invitation, and said he would attend with great pleasure. Accordingly Col. Benton had a nice dinner prepared; but instead of coming to help him eat it they sent the letter, "So, says the Colonel," while I was cooking a dinner for them they were cooking that letter for me." Col. Benton adds that he immediately understood the letter to be intended for publication, and sent it off to the Missouri Democrat.

A bill abolishing capital punishment has passed both houses of the Wisconsin Legislature. It is thought the governor will sign it.

COMPLIMENTARY.

Last evening we attended a party in the Second Presbyterian Church, given to Miss McDonald by her scholars. A large number of invitations were issued to young people and the parents of the scholars, and a delightful company assembled. Every thing was conducted with perfect order, good taste and good management. The table was well supplied, and tastefully arranged.

The editor of the Washington Union has recently read the New York Evening Post and Buffalo Republic out of the Democratic party. As the Post is Benton's organ, this reads him out, also. What will he do? As the Post and Republic are the leading Free-soil Organs, this edict of the President ex-communicates indirectly the whole Free-soil wing of the Democratic party. What will the Democratic Free-soilers do—submit or fight? It was rather ungrateful in the President to strike this blow at the men to whom he was indebted for a great part of the support which elevated him to the Presidency.

To the "edict" of the Union, in which it declares that its editor washes his hands of all associations with these Free-soilers, one of them retorts:

"Washing hands is a very proper procedure on the part of such patriots as control The Union. We suggest that it is but fair that they wash them where the washings will fall back into the Treasury, where they belong."

Last Thursday night was a stormy time. The wind raved as if it had gone mad under the influence of the "dog-days." The lightning was continually blazing away as if it meant to set the world on fire, and kept up a thundering racket more than half the night. It shivered a tree to splinters near the house of one of our citizens, and it was reported that a gentleman, residing in the country near the city was killed, but we are confident that was a mistake. It struck the cupola of the Baptist church, carrying away the vane.

A press of job work must excuse a lack of matter in to-day's paper. Besides, there is no news worth publishing.

We learn from the Keokuk Dispatch, that Geo. H. Oliver, Esq., of that city was drowned while bathing in the river, on Friday week.

The St. Louis Daily Herald has been much improved and enlarged. It is a spirited, independent paper, published at 10 cents a week.

The National Division of the Sons of Temperance, which recently met at Chicago, has adopted an entirely new and beautiful ritual. The admission fee is reduced to one dollar. The Grand Division may permit installations to be made in public. The new ritual will soon be ready for delivery to all the subordinate divisions.

THE POTATO ROT.—Professor Bellman, a Russian Councillor of State, has published a work on the prevention of potato rot. He discovered accidentally, and has subsequently verified by experiment, the fact that seed potatoes thoroughly dried will produce a sound crop. The Boston Courier which gives an account of this discovery says:

"The temperature required to produce the desired result is not very clearly made out. Mr. Bellman's room in which his first potatoes were dried was heated to about 72 degrees, and much higher. By way of experiment he placed others in the chamber of the stove itself, where the thermometer stood at 136 degrees, and more. He also ascertained that the vitality of the potato is not affected, even if the rind is charred."

Just take notice and see if the man who advertises his goods does not always sell cheap. The very object of his advertising is to make quick sales and small profits. Try them, and see for yourselves.

The Arabia has made the trip from New York to Liverpool in 9 days 21 1/2 hours, clock time—the quickest trip ever made.

Philadelphia, July 13—P. M.

The President left this morning at 11 o'clock by a special train, and went to Trenton, where he was received by a procession. He stopped to-night at Newark and goes to New York in the morning.

Additional News by the Arabia.

Philadelphia, July 13 P. M.

LONDON, July 2.—Telegraphic dispatches from Paris yesterday, state that the news of the rejection of the ultimatum reached St. Petersburg on the 24th. The Emperor made a personal declaration to the English and French Ambassadors, expressed in the strongest language, and stated that even the destruction of his fleet would not prevent his entering Turkey and obtaining reparation. The 4th Division of the Russian army is ordered to enter Moldavia. The Russian force on the line of the Black Sea amounts to 160,000 men.

The Emperor complains of the conduct of the British Premier, and said he would forward preliminary instructions to Mr. de Bismarck, to confine himself to official intercourse with the English Secretary of State.

At the Bourse securities suffered in consequence of the intelligence from the East; the 3 per cents declined more than 1 per cent.

CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.

The season of hydrophobia is at hand, and we shall doubtless be called upon to chronicle ere long the deaths of several fellow-beings by this most torturing, horrible malady. Half a dozen specifics for its cure have been given to the public from time to time, we do not remember that one single case of confirmed rabies has ever been cured within the last dozen years. Still, we are confident that, in the Providence of God, there is for every baneful antidote, and it becomes men to "prove all things" until the remedy for hydrophobia shall have been discovered and universally made known. A correspondent of the National Era writes from Millbury, Massachusetts, as follows:—[N. Y. Tribune.

"I am now in my eighteenth year, and have obtained what information I could both from observation and critical study. It has lately been discovered that a strong decoction made of the bark of the roots of the white oak, when drunk as a medicine, will cure the bite of a mad dog. This undoubtedly is owing to the fact that rattle-snakes can be made more easily to crawl over live fire coals than white ash leaves; and they are never found in the forests where the white ash grows. Would it not be advisable for druggists in our large towns and cities to keep constantly on hand a medicine prepared from the roots of the white ash. It might be the means of saving some valuable lives from a sudden and painful death."

Never Mind the Mitten Joe.

Look up, dear Joe, with brow of brass,
Forget that giddy, flirting lass,
And let her transient image pass;
Though sorely fancy-smitten, Joe.

There's good fish in the deep, broad sea,
Sporting there bright, fair and free;
And one, I trow, thine own might be—
So never mind the mitten Joe!

Forget the girl's ensnaring glance—
She skis as right prettily the dance;
Her vain proud airs and dress perchance,
To halls of mirth are fitting, Joe.

But mark my words—with such a wife,
Tied to thy hand and purse for life,
Tay black and blue days would be rife;
So never mind the mitten Joe.

I know of one; she never wore
Upon her finger golden ore;
Embracing pearls and gems a score;
[Mayhap thou'lt think I'm 'witting, Joe]

She's rarely at amusements seen,
In simple robes and modest mien,
With face and form like beauty's queen,
She never gave the mitten Joe.

"For why?" She ne'er by frothy arts,
Raised the flames in silly hearts,
Then feasted on the dying smarts
Of fools so quickly bitten Joe.

Go! woo her, like a man of sense,
Secure such worth and innocence—
Forget that tinsel jilt's offence;
And bless her for the mitten, Joe.

MURDER.—A horrible murder was committed in Pettis county, a few miles from Georgetown, on Sunday last, in the absence of her husband, on the persons of a Mrs. Raney, and one of her children. It is supposed, as we learn by a gentleman from Pettis, that the negro who committed the murder, in the first place intended violence to the lady, but meeting resistance, he struck her with a club that had a projection on it used for killing hogs. Mrs. R. it is thought attempted to run to the pile to get the axe, to defend herself, (as she was found dead near it,) when he gave her a blow with the club, and the projecting part of it entered to her heart. He then killed, (as he supposed,) the two boys that were at home. But good fortune prevented the accomplishment of the diabolical deed. One of the boys came to, and was able to tell the name of the fiend who perpetrated the deed; a negro belonging to some one of the neighbors. He was arrested—and we understand a meeting was held to determine some summary punishment on the wretch. The people were highly excited, and it is feared that in the frenzy of their exasperation they may go to the extreme of burning him to death. We hope calmer counsels may prevail, and they may be induced to let the law take its course, although the provocation may deserve the penalty it is feared will be inflicted.—[Boonville (Mo.) Observer.

From the New York Tribune.

LABOR AND ITS WANTS IN CITY.

Whoever will work may eat is an old proverb. It is evident that that proverb was made in the country. Certainly it is not applicable to the city. Thousands there are who would eat more and better food, if work would give it to them. Those who work to eat in the country, are too apt to think they could eat more for less labor in the city. Here, says one, I work upon this farm for six dollars a month. In the city, I see by the papers that laborers get 25 cents an hour; a dollar to a dollar and a half a day; or for a little job, such as sawing a load of wood, three or four shillings; or putting in a load of coal, half as much for half an hour's work. This is all true; the grumbler forgets, however, that he gets his food and lodgings with his wages, while the city laborer must look for his, and if he is so fortunate as to have money enough to procure a supply of both, and that of the meanest sort, he is more fortunate than many of his fellows. He that labors in the country and gets good food and a comfortable place to sleep, is better off, even if he got wages only sufficient to clothe himself, than the poor man of the city. The desk where we jot down these observations, stands by a window, looking down upon the busy streets of New York.

Here one may study the wants of Labor—the efforts of men, women and children to procure food. Now comes a man toiling in the shafts of a cart; his yoke-fellow is a dog. By the side runs a little girl with a basket; now ahead—now on this side—now on that, of the street, peering into all the garbage barrels, boxes and baskets that stand along the curb-stone; fishing out waste cabbage-leaves and potato-parings, and whatever can be made food for the pig at home, or her father's yoke-fellow, the dog. There, now, she has found a large beef-bone; it is a piece which gladdens each of the trio. The dog with a wag of his tail, says as plainly as dog can say, "There is something for me." The girl has discovered it contains marrow, and

she is already anticipating how she will butter the dry crust, which otherwise would form her evening meal—dinner and supper—after such a day of toil. The man is calculating the weight, for bones are worth a cent a pound. These people labor hard for their daily wants. It is misdirected, but they know no better; they must work or die. Here comes one of another numerous class of men, women and children—the rag-pickers. With a basket and bag, and an iron rod about two feet long, with a hook at one end, they examine all the gutters and receptacles of dirt and waste of dwellings, for old rags, scraps of paper, and whatsoever else may choose to turn up.

HORRID AFFRAY.

One day last week, an altercation took place near Wahoo, in this county, between Thomas Mewhinney, aged 60 years and his son John, aged 30 years, which resulted in the death of the father. The old man was stabbed with a hunting knife in several places, one thrust of which penetrated near the heart, which produced death in a few days afterwards. We hear that the old man told John to take a horse and leave the country, as he should die, and he did not want him hung. It is understood that the son left on Monday morning last in the cars.

Thomas Mewhinney was a soldier in the last war, and was surrendered to the British by Hull, at Detroit, in August, 1812. He had received a warrant for services. Most of the horrid outrages of the times spring from whisky, of which this is one, and a disgraceful one, happening between father and son, both drunk, over some affair at the supper table. How must a son have been raised to attack an intoxicated father with a butcher knife, and take his life? It is too bad to think about—the old man is buried and the son has fled the country!—[Wabash Express.

[Thanks to the enlightenment of the age, the time for a prohibitory law in Indiana is fast approaching. A stop must be put to such horrid occurrences as that above related, and it can only be done by the enactment of an efficient law.]—Indianapolis Jour.

The New York Evening Post says: "The late Judge Thompson, while presiding in the United States Circuit Court, in the city of New York, on the trial of a criminal case, was requested by one of the counsel to charge the jury that they were judges both of the law and the fact. The judge replied, 'I shan't they ain't.' This is the cleverest specimen of leconis, save one, which we remember to have heard of since Caesar's famous despatch to the Roman Senate, and what is more to the point, it is good law."

HONG KONG, May 6.

It is rumored that the rebels had re-captured Nankin, and were moving toward Peking.

CALAMITY AT HAVERSTRAW.—Building Blown Down and Several Persons Killed.—On Saturday evening, several persons were injured, and some killed, by the falling of a house, at Haverstraw, on the Hudson river, during a severe storm.

The house was crammed with people at the time many of them laborers in the brick yards, who ran into it for shelter. Of the fifty persons who are supposed to have been congregated beneath the roof, only six were known to have escaped.

At seven o'clock seven dead bodies had been taken out, and a large number of the inhabitants were searching for more.

In addition to the above frightful calamity, the wind blew with such violence as to capsize and sink a sloop at the wharf.

The steeple of the Tarrytown church was also demolished, and the steamboat shed was carried bodily into the river.

Stricken youth, just beginning to make himself agreeable—"You'r an artist are you not, Miss Georgianna?" Diffident, but encouraging young lady:—"No, I regret to say that I have no talent for the accomplishment." The aforesaid youth somewhat surprised—"Dear me! why our mutual friend, Miss Tattle, told me that you painted!"

TO BE REMEMBERED.—In noticing the fact that a little girl was recently stung to death by hornets in the Miami Valley, the Cincinnati Enquirer says:

Had some one present known a lump of wet saleratus applied to the stung parts of the little sufferer, would have instantly stopped the pain and prevented all swelling, the life of the child would have been saved. Remember hereafter.

The Chautauque Democrat tells a pretty good story concerning the Post-Office in Westfield. A letter was put into the box, the appearance of which denoted that the writer was unaccustomed to the use of stamps, and had failed to make one stick at all. He had tried and vainly tried, but the inveterate portrait of Benjamin Franklin would curl up. At last, in despair, he pinned it to the envelope, and wrote just under it—"Paid, if the d—d thing sticks!"

Miss Caroline Brown has received a diploma to practice medicine, from the Eclectic Medical College at Cincinnati.